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Letters on the Bonn Festival.

No. II.

To Desmond Ryan, Esq.

Bonn, August 12.

MY DEAR RYAN,

The first concert was in all respects superior to what I had anticipated. I attended one of the rehearsals, and was by no means struck either with the number or the quality of the orchestra, which made my pleasure the greater at the concert, when I found myself so agreeably disappointed. The Beethoven Hall, so called, in which the concert took place, is a building of no great architectural merit, its chief characteristic being extreme length. However, as it took no more than eleven days in building, any striking beauty of design or ornament was hardly to be expected. It is two hundred feet long, seventy wide, and forty high, divided into three naves, the largest of course in the middle—the roof is supported by pillars on either side, altogether twenty-eight in number—the hall is lighted by windows loftily situated, one window in each pillar, festooned with vine leaves—circular tablets, also festooned with vine leaves, and hung all along the walls, bear the names and all particulars of the most noted compositions of Beethoven. The orchestra occupies nearly the whole breadth of the further end of the hall, extending forward to about one-fifth of its entire length. Unlike our English orchestras, instead of being gradually elevated so as to assume the pyramidal form, it is almost a dead flat, which fact alone deprives the band and chorus of at least one-third of their power. Moreover, the unusual dimensions of the room, added to this unfortunate flatness, deprives that portion of the audience placed near the entrance of any chance of appreciating the force or the skill of the performers. At the furthest end of the room, on the right hand side, two doors open into a refreshment room, where cakes and wines, and sandwiches and seltzer water, and cigars, &c. may be procured during the performances;—as these, however, and especially the cigars, must be consumed on the premises—though as the doors are always open, any body not as smoke-dried as a German, will be sensible of a pleasant odour of tobacco, during the greater part of what-

ever entertainment he may chance to attend in the Beethoven Hall. At the furthest end of the room is a very equivocal portrait of Beethoven, "in doubtful oil," at either side of which are two figures, supported by two angels, who are placing a wreath on the brow of the great composer, while he is writing the Mass in D. Circular tablets, containing the dates and places of his birth and death, are respectively hung on either side of the orchestra. The appearance of the Hall as I entered was highly imposing, in spite of its evident defects of construction. An immense number of candelabras (the *Britannia* will doubtless have the *exact figure*) suspended from beams attached to the arched *plafond*, gave a superb light—and the presence of about three thousand persons, full dressed, and in a state of high excitement, among whom were nearly all the celebrities I named to you in my first letter, and others who have since arrived,* rendered the scene one of intense interest and dazzling brilliancy. The programme put into our hands stated simply that the *Missa Solennis* in D, and the Ninth Symphony with chorus, would be performed. The orchestra, consisting of about four hundred, band and chorus, looked highly prepossessing—the front seats being occupied by entire rows of elegantly dressed young ladies, among whom were the principal female vocalists—Mdlles. Tüschek, Schloss, Kratky, and Sachs. The moment Spohr entered the orchestra, the band played a flourish of drums and trumpets, and a general cheer resounded from every part of the hall. The great master is looking as we all would wish he may look for many a year to come—well and happy. He bowed quietly in answer to the enthusiasm of the audience, and without waiting for its subsiding proceeded at once to business. I shall not enter into any disquisition upon the Mass in D, or the Ninth Symphony at the present moment. While apotheosizing Beethoven it would be impious to criticise him. Moreover, the two works in question are his acknowledged masterpieces, and the composer's own affirmation adds weight to the very general opinion among artists on the subject. They were evidently considered so by the authorities of the present *fête*, who selected them appropriately enough (among the very few un-objectionable things they did) for the first and gravest concert of the three. I shall therefore merely hint at the manner of their performance—but in case you want a

* Felicien David, Fétis, Bürgmüller, Saxe, &c. &c. &c.

learned criticism of these very elaborate works, I can confidently refer you to the *Britannia*, the emissary from which paper represented the musical press of England on the occasion of the Bonn Festival, and in deference to the importance of his mission was favored by the committee with free ingress (and egress) whenever and wherever it was of consequence—while the *Times*, the *Post*, the *Herald*, and the *Chronicle* (erroneously regarded by some as the real English press) were obliged to *faire queue*, and be satisfied with hearing little, seeing less, and learning nothing—as will be perhaps apparent to those who peruse their letters from Bonn. The difficulties of the Mass were on the whole admirably conquered. Among the soloists, whose task is one of great complexity though of small display, we must warmly praise Dlle. Tüschek, a clever and charming soprano from Berlin, of whom more anon—Dlle. Schloss, whom you know very well, and Staudigl. The others were but indifferent, and indeed frequently at fault. The band was on the whole unworthy of the occasion, but the chorus was worthy of any occasion. The *soprani* were transcendent. I never before listened to such a harmonious clangor of sweet voices—a blessing on the throats that sent their music forth! The *bassi* were scarcely less admirable, and the *tenori* and *contralti* far beyond average excellence. The mass was listened to with profound attention, and at the conclusion applauded with enthusiasm. I must avow that this is the first attempt, I have yet been lucky enough to hear, at an adequate interpretation of this marvellous work. The symphony, more familiar to the performers, went better still. Much fault, however, was found with the horns, trumpets, bassoons, and drums in the three instrumental movements—but I must confess to have heard considerably worse, in high places that I will not mention. The chorus was in double force in the *Finale*, the effect of which wonderful outpouring of genius demonstrated satisfactorily enough that the fault of its vocalisation, hitherto much complained of, has been rightly chargeable, not to Beethoven, but to his interpreters. If this be bad vocal scoring, why then bad vocal scoring for ever! M. Fetis, from Brussels, said at the end of the movement, that he was more than ever convinced that it, viz. the choral movement was detestable—which more than ever convinced me that it was good. The whole symphony was applauded to the echo, and a strong attempt made to encore the *scherzo* and *andante*—but the band, perhaps anticipating the fire works on the Rhine, would in no wise consent. After the symphony, which Spohr conducted in faultless style, he was called before the audience, amidst flourishes of drums and trumpets, and vehemently applauded. Spohr fully deserves all the honors paid him—his years, his experience, and his genius make him the acknowledged representative of German music at the present time. After Mozart came Beethoven—after Beethoven Weber—after Weber comes Spohr, and to him, should he survive him,

will succeed Mendelssohn. It is fit that in art, as in other matters of import, priority of years, when accompanied by proportionate worth, should have due weight—and I am not making any comparison between Spohr and Mendelssohn when I honor the dignity that sits so gracefully upon age.

After the concert—about ten o'clock—there was a display of fire works on the Rhine which I did not see, but you will no doubt find some record of it in the *Britannia*. The *Etoile d'or* was another scene of excitement and bustle at supper. The concert was noisily canvassed, the committee angrily overhauled, and poor Liszt blamed for every thing that was wrong, and praised for nothing that was right. I have much to say to you on this head, but must defer it till the next letter, meanwhile, I remain,

My dear Ryan,

Yours, &c.

J.W. D.

Worcester Musical Festival.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The hundred and twenty-second sacred festival of the united choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, was held during the week, and commenced on Tuesday morning. The principal vocalists engaged were—

Miss Rainforth, Miss A. Williams, Miss Whitnall, Miss M. Williams, Herr Staudigl, Mr. Young, Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Pearsall, Mr. Machin.

The instrumental department was as follows:

Leader—Mr. Loder. Principal Second Violin—Mr. J. F. Loder.

Violins—Messrs. T. Cooke, Griesbach, Watkins, W. Cramer, Marshall, Hope, Patey, J. Banister, E. Perry, Chipp, Jun., J. H. D'Egville, Wagstaff, Reeve, B. Taylor, Dando, Hughes, Thomas, D'Egville, Betts, Holmes, T. Harper, Streather.

Violas—Messrs. Hill, Kearns, F. Thomas, Alsept, Glanville, Calkin, Wheeler, Davis.

Violoncellos—Messrs. Lindley, Lucas, Laven, Hatton, W. Loder, Banister.

Double Basses—Messrs. Howell, Casolani, Edgar, Castell, Cubitt, Percival.

Flutes—Messrs. Card, Card, jun., Eden.

Oboes—Messrs. G. Cooke, Nicholson.

Clarionets—Messrs. Williams, Lazarus.

Bassoons—Messrs. Baumann, Keating.

Trumpets—Messrs. Harper, Irwin, T. Harper.

Horns—Messrs. Platt, Rae.

Trombones—Messrs. Smithies, Smithies, jun., Healy.

Drums—Mr. Chipp.

Opficleide—Mr. Prospere.

Solo Piano-Forte—Madame Dulcken. Organ—Mr. Amott.

Piano-Forte—Mr. G. Townshend Smith.

Conductor—Mr. W. Done.

The Chorus consisted of 68 trebles, 36 altos, 44 tenors, 49 basses—197; making in the whole a grand total of 272 performers. The band was led by Mr. Loder.

The rehearsals on Monday commenced with Parcell's *Jubilate*, after which Handel's Coronation Anthem, "My heart is inditing," Crotch's Psalm, "The Lord is King," and several anthems were tried, concluding with a selection from *The Last Judgment*. At eight o'clock in the evening, parts of *Acis and Galatea*, and Mendelssohn's *First Walpurgis Nacht* were gone over.

TUESDAY MORNING.

A glorious morning greeted our old city, and at an early hour the streets were all in a state of bustle and excitement. The visitors came rolling in towards the Cathedral in all sorts of vehicles. Nearly 900 persons took their seats in the church soon after ten o'clock. The company did not include numerically the rank and fashion we expected. The mayor, who had invited the members of the corporation and several friends to the amount of one hundred to a breakfast at the Guildhall, arrived shortly before eleven o'clock, in civic state, and with his visitors occupied the seats appropriated to them at the end of the nave, near the western gallery.

The bishop, dean, canons, minor canons, lay clerks, and choristers having entered the Cathedral in procession from the chapter room, the service commenced with the overture to Handel's oratorio, *Saul*, which was finely performed. The Rev. R. Sanders chanted prayers. Tallis's adaptation of the Gregorian responses were used, and had a most magnificent effect. For the *Venite* the noble Gregorian chant in Tallis's service was used, and the psalms were chanted antiphonally to a fine chant of Dr. Randall's, much better arranged than the version published in Bennett and Marshall's collection. The lessons were read respectively by the Revds. T. L. Wheeler and H. W. Weston. We never heard the grand Dettingen *Te Deum* sang so well. The opening solo introduced a new singer to us, Mr. Young. He has a high tenor voice of nice quality and intonation, and his style is unexceptionable. He is somewhat deficient in power. He gave the solo with much taste and judgment, and was effectively supported by the chorus. Mr. Done, the conductor, deserves the greatest credit for his management of this great mass of voices and the blending them into one gigantic but perfectly harmonious whole. The semi-chorus, "To Thee all angels cry aloud," and the quartet, "The glorious company of the apostles," were splendidly sung. Mr. Machin gave much satisfaction in the air, "Thou art the King of Glory." We cannot say as much for Mr. Harper's obligato trumpet accompaniment. Mr. Hobbs was chaste and chilly in "When thou tookest upon thee." The next chorus was all abroad. Not only were the voices flat, but some of the singers were positively taking the subject half a bar too soon. Surely this was from want of sufficient rehearsals. Miss M. Williams was much admired in her share of the trio, "Thou sittest at the right hand." She has a splendid contralto voice, and her method is pure and correct. The two choruses, "We therefore pray thee," and "And lift them up for ever," were all out of tune, and the fugue, "And we worship thy name," but indifferently rendered.

Purcell's *Jubilate* may be ranked amongst the most elaborate, scientific, and effective of his compositions for the service of the church. The opening solo for the tenor was spoiled by Mr. Harper's trumpet playing. He broke down completely in the middle of the air, and produced a very extraordinary effect. We cannot help feeling this artist's day is past and gone. The accompaniments in the duet, "Be ye sure," were very nicely played by Messrs. Loder and G. Cooke, respectively, on the violin and oboe. Much praise was due to the chorus in the canon, "O go your way." Neither Mr. Machin nor Mr. Young seemed to have rehearsed the succeeding duet. They had better have omitted it. The *Gloria Patri* of this *Jubilate* is perhaps one of the happiest efforts of Purcell's genius, being learned without pedantry, ingenious without being dry, a study for the musician, and yet melodious enough to please the common ear. It

abounds in canon, fugue, imitation, inversion, and other of those skilful contrivances by which the works of the fathers of our ecclesiastical music are distinguished.

Dr. Crotch's adaptation of the 97th psalm followed. This is a very unequal work, and to do it justice would require a longer analysis than we have room or time to bestow on it at present. The two *corali*, "Worship him," and "He shall deliver them"—as also the choruses, "There is sprung up a light," and "Confounded be all they,"—especially the latter—have great merit. In parts of this anthem we feel an anti-cathedral sensation, as though the composition were better adapted to the theatre than the church. Miss Rainforth seemed to us rather nervous in her first song, "The heavens have declared his righteousness," but she soon got rid of any feeling that would tend to interfere with her performance and sang the song very chastely. Miss A. Williams has a fine soprano voice, which was exhibited to great advantage in the solo "Sion heard of it."

The sermon preached by the Rev. Canon Wood, was followed by Handel's Coronation Anthem, "My heart is inditing," and closed the first morning performance of the Worcester festival.

TUESDAY EVENING.

Acis and Galatea most judiciously opened the first concert. Take it all together, this most exquisite *serenata* was splendidly performed. Miss A. Williams in "For us the zephyr blows," and Miss Rainforth in "Hush ye pretty warbling choir," were particularly effective. Mr. Pearsall also deserves favorable mention in "Love in her eyes sits playing." The choruses "Happy We," and "Wretched Lovers," were given as near perfection as possible. It is needless to say how Staudigl sang. We only wish he had a more felicitous mode of pronouncing our language. The remaining portion of the concert calls for no especial notice.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

The performance commenced with Handel's Grand Concerto (No. 1) in G. It was splendidly played. The elegant and graceful finale, in particular, was most delicately and effectively given. A selection of Anthems followed, commencing in chronological order from old Tallis, whose adaptation of the old version was magnificently rendered by the full orchestra. The Anthem was repeated. Orlando Gibbon's noble Anthem, "Hosanna" succeeded, and was given in a most faulty manner; indeed it was most lamentably out of tune, the trebles being principally in fault. Wise's "Prepare ye the way," was rendered much better; the opening trio was deliciously sung by the Misses Williams and Mr. Hobbs. Dr. Blow's Anthem, "I beheld, and lo! a great multitude," was effectively given by Messrs. Young, Hobbs, Machin, and Staudigl. Purcell's Anthem, "O sing unto the Lord," is a new discovery, and is a most valuable acquisition to the highest school of our national music. The Hallelujah chorus is exceedingly grand and was finely sung. Croft's Anthem, "God is gone up," next followed; it is universally known and needs no comment. The same may be said of Dr. Boyce's Anthem, "O where shall wisdom be found." The Rev. Mr. Havergal's Anthem came next. This gentleman was awarded the Gresham medal for this composition. Miss Rainforth sang Mendelssohn's psalm very sweetly, but the organ was too far from the singer, and partly spoiled the effect. Spohr's *Last Judgment*, concluded Wednesday morning's performance.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

The concert of Wednesday evening opened with Beeth-

oven's symphony in F major. We may award its performance a high degree of praise. The choral force were quite at home in Morley's Madrigal, "Now is the month of Maying." Staudigl sang an aria from the *Zauberflöte* with the greatest possible effect. The Misses Williams were rapturously applauded in the popular duet, "Tell, sister, tell." The *Worcestershire Guardian*, speaking here, says:—"The duet by Clement White, which has created a complete *furor* in London during the past season, is a charmingly elegant example of modern writing, full of graceful thoughts and clever combinations. We have not room to analyse it in detail, and can only say we were greatly pleased with it; indeed, the delightful harmony evolved in the duet-singing of that "Blest pair of syrens"—the Misses A. and M. Williams—would of itself suffice to turn an anchorite from his cell and cause him to listen mute with delight to music of a far inferior stamp to that of which we were speaking." Miss Rainforth was greatly applauded in "Ocean, thou mighty monster." We cannot speak much in praise of Staudigl's singing Hatton's "Revenge." We heard so much about it we were quite disappointed. Mr. Hobbs gave a small ballad of his own very prettily. "Haste the Nymph," was excellently sung by Mr. Martin and chorus, and encored.

The second part commenced with Weber's fiery overture, "The Ruler of the Spirits," and finished with the grandest concerted piece in musical composition—the sestet from *Don Giovanni*. The overture was splendidly performed; the *Sola, Sola*, but indifferently executed. The intermediate *morceaux* demand no particular remark.

THURSDAY MORNING

Opened with the *Messiah*. The Cathedral was crammed in every nook. Nearly 1200 persons attended. This was decidedly the crowning rose in the Festival's wreath, both as to merit and performance. The choruses were almost perfect, and the soloists admirable in every instance. Mr. Machin was very fine in the recitative and air, "Thus saith the Lord. Indeed we have seldom heard him to so much advantage. "Unto us a child is born," was rapturously encored. Miss Rainforth was particularly excellent in her recitatives, and the Misses Williams left nothing to be wished for in the portions allotted to them. Miss M. Williams demands especial notice for her interpretation of Handel's glorious music. Her faultless intonation, depth of tones, and exquisite style, exhibited her as the very model of a classical contralto singer. Mr. Hobbs was sweet and correct as usual, and Mr. Pearsall, albeit that gentleman was evidently labouring under the effect of recent illness, deserves honorable mention. The Hallelujah chorus was magnificently sung and repeated. On the whole the performance of the *Messiah* gave the most unqualified satisfaction to every body present. The receipts realized £227. 12s. 9d. We now proceed to the closing portion of the Festival.

THURSDAY EVENING.

The entertainments commenced with Mendelssohn's *First Walpurgis Nacht*. As we ourselves have long ere this analysed this great work in the *Musical World*, we take leave to lay before our readers an extract from *The Worcestershire Guardian*, which very happily describes the origin of the composition, and enters into the merits of the composition itself with the feelings of a musician:—

"In order to the proper understanding of the great composition which formed the first portion of the concert, it is necessary to state that the German legend, that witches and evil spirits assemble in the night of the 1st of May (*Walpurgis-nacht*) on the summit of the Harz

Mountains, is supposed to have taken its origin in the heathen time, when the Christians tried by force to prevent the Druids from observing their accustomed rites of sacrificing in the open air and on the hills. The Druids are said to have placed watches round their mountains, who, with their dreadful appearance, hovering round the fires, and clashing with their weapons, frightened the enemy, and the ceremonies were proceeded with. On this tradition Goethe has founded the poem which Mendelssohn has musically illustrated with a spirit and vividness of colouring equalled only by his picturesque music to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

"The *Walpurgis-nacht* begins with a long instrumental movement in A minor. There is only one subject, but the happy variety of orchestral and contrapuntal treatment, renders it interesting and exciting. The stringed instruments are in continual bustle throughout, and the other departments of the orchestra have the usual peculiarities of Mendelssohn. A violent storm is the subject, which Mendelssohn, a true genius, has depicted without allusion to Beethoven. Nothing can be more pleasant and picturesque. The storm dies away, and a succession of delicious phrases for violins leads to a chorus in A major, descriptive of a May day. The wood instruments here have an effect similar to the chirruping of birds, and the whole is veritable sunshine after the gloom of the long movement in the minor mode which precedes it. The Druid people chant the glories of May, and rejoice in the departure of winter weather. They point to a mountain hard by, on the top of which they determine to make their sacrifices, and minister holy rites to the deities they worship. There are many grand points in this chorus, which, notwithstanding its laboured contrast to the sadness of what precedes it, is full of a deep and religious fervour. Some tenor solos interspersed were allotted to Mr. Hobbs, who acquitted himself admirably. An aged woman from among the people now speaks of the danger of performing their religious ceremonies, which are forbidden by the nation among whom they (the Druids) dwell. Death awaits them if detected. This is conveyed by a mysterious air, in D minor, allotted to a *contralto* voice, which was beautifully sung by Miss M. Williams. This air is interspersed with acquiescent exclamations of the women, who share the terror of the speaker. The instrumentation employed by Mendelssohn to set off the melody is admirably in character with the feeling of awe and trembling intended to be portrayed. A short *baritone* solo leads to a chorus in C major, interspersed with solos (admirably delivered by Staudigl) descriptive of the disdain felt by the Druid priests for the pusillanimity of the women, and giving directions for preparing the sacrifice. To this succeeds a chorus, in E major, full of character, in which the Druids appoint outposts to look out for the enemy while their rites proceed, and warn them of their approach. The chorus dies away into a *pianissimo*, contrived with consummate knowledge of instrumental effect. A Druid guard now proposes, in a bass solo, a scheme to frighten the enemy, and the result is the pretended incantation, which terrifies the surrounding people, and is the foundation of the legend of the *Walpurgis-nacht*. Mendelssohn has represented this in a descriptive chorus of tremendous power, divided into two parts—a *moderato* in G minor, and an *allegro molto* in A minor—apparently incongruous keys, but wrought into most natural alliance by the art of the composer. The conduct of the orchestral accompaniments in this chorus is beyond the scope of narrative—it must be heard. The effect is terrific. It is worthy of remark that Mendelssohn has equally shown the originality of his genius in this incantation, by steering clear of Weber's *Der Freischütz*, as by avoiding Beethoven's *Pastorale* in the opening movement, characteristic of the storm. The Druids, undisturbed, pursue their ceremonies in tranquillity. A grand chorus in C major embodies their orisons to the divinity they adore. A Christian guard observes the strange proceedings on the hill, and, deceived by the illusion, adjures his comrades to fly. They join in his fears, and run from the scene of horrors. This is characteristically expressed by a chorus in C minor, interspersed with solos allotted to the tenor. Rid entirely of their enemies, the Druids pursue their worship without further apprehension, and the whole concludes with a solemn and majestic chorus in C major. This magnificent composition was most brilliantly performed; the most scrupulously critical ear could not detect one single approach to a fault in its representation. To our great delight it was repeated, at the unanimous request of the audience, from the solo which precedes and introduces the terrific chorus 'Come with torches,' and was given the second time with even more perfect effect, if possible, than the first. The choral effects produced were inexpressibly magnificent; and we most heartily congratulate Mr. Done on his able conducting of this elaborate work, which he had evidently deeply studied, and thoroughly understood and appreciated. The reception of the *Walpurgis-nacht*, and of the *Acis and Galatea*, by the audience, fully established the proposition which we have so often laid down,

that the concerts at these meetings ought always to be of a strictly and exclusively classical character.

"The first part of the concert concluded with Weber's *Concert*, Stück, brilliantly played by Madame Dulcken, and accompanied by the full orchestra."

The second part opened, substituting the overture to *William Tell* for *Egmont*. This was a disappointment to the musical section of the audience, especially as Rossini's overture had been previously played. The majority of the assembly did not seem to think so, since they encored it. Miss Rainforth was not entirely equal to the grand scena from *Der Freischütz*. This lady is an admirable artist, but a composition like the one she chose, taxes the loftiest powers of the greatest singers, and when we hear Miss Rainforth in what she has been excelled in by others, we are necessarily disappointed. Staudigl was encored in an aria from Mozart's *Seraglio*. He sang it splendidly. Miss A. Williams was very effective in the ballad, "There be none of beauty's daughters"—and Misses Rainforth and Whitnall were loudly applauded in a duet of Knight's. Purcell's "Britons' strike home," was sung by Messrs. Hobbs and Machin, and chorus, and admirably interpreted. The performance and the festival wound up with the "National anthem," sung by the whole chorus and principals.

Thus closed the Worcester Musical Festival for 1845; a performance, if not wholly admirable, deserving of the warmest commendation for the spirit in which it was got up, and the noble uses to which the receipts are to be applied. We congratulate the triple counties on their success, and cordially wish them many happy returns of the same.

U. V.

Dramatic Intelligence.

THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

This theatre brought its season to a close on Friday last, after a long, and we believe, prosperous career. Certainly no house in London has proffered more excellence, or an equal variety of entertainment in its performances, and if it has not obtained the highest success, it has deserved it. Tragedy, comedy, opera, farce, ballet, divertissement, ball, and extravaganza have by turns been produced, each and all in a style demanding much praise. Miss Cushman made her first appearance here, and at once established herself as an eminent actress, if not the first on the British stage. This lady in the early part of her engagement created a great sensation and drew plenteous audiences. Latterly the interest in her subsided and the benches became attenuated. Something must be allowed for the time of year, the thickest part of the season, when people who have money to spare fancy they must follow the fashion and go to Her Majesty's Theatre, the Brussels Company, or the French Plays. Fashion sways the costermonger as well as the aristocrat. Something, we say, should be allowed for this; but a deeper reason may be discovered in Miss Cushman's engagement being inordinately prolonged, and the characters she undertook being too frequently forced upon the public, and some of them being but indifferently suited to her powers. Such characters as Lady Macbeth, Emilia, Mrs. Haller, and others of that class were admirably adapted to display in the fullest light her tragic capabilities. Meg Merriles also afforded a fine scope to Miss Cushman's force and energy; but we

question if her personification of Rosalind, Beatrice, the Duchess in *The Honeymoon*, &c., did not rather depress her in public estimation. Miss Cushman's acting is remarkable for its power and passion. Great discrimination is at times evidenced in her performance, and her style is natural and real. But her greatest admirers must allow she has something to learn. A want of finish is observable in almost every part she undertakes, and, though she is undoubtedly an original actress, a certain mannerism and angularity in her acting leads us to suspect she has insensibly copied, if not closely studied, the peculiarities of Macready. Indeed, her resemblance to the great tragedian is at times singularly reminiscent, and this no doubt detracts from her claims to the title of an original artist. Macready is perhaps the greatest artist in existence, but he is by no means a safe model to follow—his faults and peculiarities are prominent hooks for travestie and burlesque to hang their imitations on. They who plagiarise his mannerism imagine they catch his realities, but the nodosities that confer strength if not beauty on the oak, though easy of removal, cannot with any utility be transferred to another stock. Miss Cushman we yet expect to see a much greater actress than she is at present. The gold is in the ore which experience and study will separate and purify. Of Mr. Forrest, whom the manager engaged for some short time, we cannot speak in any eulogistic terms. Our impression simply is, that putting Macready out of the question, ten actors might be found on our boards infinitely his superior. Shall we name them? Yes! Phelps, Anderson, T. Stuart, Wallack, Vandenhoff, G. Brooke, C. Kean, Graham, Marston, and George Bennett. Mr. Forrest, we consider, has but one requisite for tragic acting—physical power: and that is shared with him in common by Ben Caunt and Bendigo. A more graceless actor never adorned the stage, and a more slovenly reader of the dramatist we never listened to. In *Macbeth* alone, we detected him in upwards of twenty errors of text, either of omission or substitution. This, in a part which he played—we beg Shakspeare's pardon—attempted to play hundreds of nights, was insufferable, and the old lady's apology who sat next us, "that he must have studied from an American edition," affords the happiest comment we could offer on Mr. Forrest's Shaksperian reading. Mr. Maddox very wisely got rid of him, and we hardly think he will grace the boards of this theatre again. Let it not be said, because we unhesitatingly give our candid opinions, we are prejudiced against this gentleman. It is no such thing. We know Mr. Forrest in private life to be estimable and talented, and in all cases displaying evidences of taste and judgment, save when he meddles with Shakspeare;—unfortunately the exception is the only part can weigh with us when we criticise his *grand* performances. Mr. James Wallack has been a most tremendous favorite throughout the whole season, as indeed he should be, for who is there comparable to him in his own peculiar walk. We were sorry, very sorry, to see him essay *Macbeth*. It was neither fair of the manager, nor wise of Mr. Wallack to undertake a character as far above him as the sky. We are grieved to see this—the performance was not so bad by one thousand degrees as Mr. Forrest's—but it was out of his line. Mr. Wallack *understood* the character but could not *enact* it. Mr. Forrest *might* have been able to *enact* it if he could *understand* it. *Don Cesar de Bazan* was first produced here and ran to the last night. *The Brigand* was revived. In both of these we need hardly say Mr. Wallack was pre-eminent. Towards the end of the season, a young lady, Miss Smithson, pupil of Madame Feron, made

her first appearance on the stage in Auber's *Syren*, and was extravagantly lauded in all the journals. When we heard the young lady we were sorry for this, for we knew well such praise would eventually harm her more than the most cutting censure. Miss Smithson had very moderate pretensions, and all who came to hear her, naturally expecting something great, went away greatly disappointed, and found every fault, where, had they not been previously wound up to a high state of anticipation, they might have found several beauties. Oh! these daily papers!—the mischief they do, by not being permitted to think for themselves, is beyond all count. Every year some half-dozen *debutants* are killed by these praise-lavishing critics. Well, save me from my friends is an old and a true saying, whose truth cannot be more truly illustrated than in the example before us. Macready, it is now definitely settled, makes his appearance early in November. We believe he has a long engagement with the manager, and great preparations are being made to render the performances of Mr. Macready attractive in the scenic and decorative department. The ballet will be continued as before. We may here remark on the production at this theatre of one of the very best divertissements that was ever brought out on any stage: we mean *The Court Ball*. Nothing could be more happy, more natural, or better arranged. Here was no conflicting emotion to be told by a toe; no heart-breaking passion to be exhibited by a whirl and then a high-poised leg; no anguish was to be made apparent by a succession of pas and bounds; no story, intricate and long, to be unravelled by slides, cuts, and *pirouettes*: no—all was simple and natural. Guests come into a ball room. A minuet is danced; then a Polonaise; then a quadrille; next a Strathspey; then some other dance; the whole winding up with a country dance. This was all most excellently managed and was just what a ballet should be. It ran to its sixty-third night. We hope still again to witness *The Court Ball* for 1740.

D. R.

An Anecdote of Counterpoint.

We quote a letter from the *Observateur Français*, to our clever contributor, Mr. Lunn, rather to exhibit the estimation in which his opinions are held in some quarters, than because the said opinions chime in at all with our own views. We have little doubt, however, that a large mass of our readers will cordially echo the sentiments.

To Henry Lunn, Esq.

"Permit me, Monsieur, to express the lively pleasure I have received from the perusal of your last letter upon 'Mechanical music.' The pedantry with which some persons insist on the utility of counterpoint, canons and fugues otherwise than as exercises, gives a veritable meaning to your epistle, and is fully corroborated by the following authentic anecdote, which I take leave to relate to you.

"Martini, of Bologna, was a learned contrapuntist, a distinguished professor of music, and recognised throughout Europe as an excellent writer, who had produced standard works on the art, historic and theoretic. You are acquainted with these facts, Monsieur, but as all the world do not know them, it is not superfluous to state them in this place."

"You know also what counterpoint is; 'a sort of musical

break-jaw, when one applies himself to inscribing certain notes in conventional order to produce harmony heedless of its being agreeable to the ear, so that it be severe and rigorously correct.'

This arid science and all its combinations agreed perfectly with the meditative and abstracted character of old Martini, and he delivered himself up to its study with great delight.

Now, it happened that Rossini while a very youth arrived at Bologna. He had already, by some singular mental disposition, given indications of that genius which was one day to elevate him so high in the musical world. On his arrival he made the acquaintance of Martini. The consummate experience of the old master led him promptly to discover in the young man the germs of a talent yet concealed, and he was anxious to give him lessons.

"Ah!" said he to himself, rubbing his hands, a familiar habit with him, "this fellow will make a great contrapuntist: neither *fugue* nor *canon* will present any difficulty however dark to him which the torch of his genius will not enlighten and make clear. Certainly, certainly, he will march in the footsteps of Sebastian Bach."

While awaiting until the pupil could be initiated into the mysteries of counterpoint, he taught him harmony.

Judge with what ardour the young pupil delivered himself to the study! He was everlastingly scribbling or trying chords on the piano. Old Martini was delighted with his progress, and at each lesson, he cried to himself, in a state of extatic frenzy,—"what will he be when he arrives at counterpoint?"

The time—the happy time came at last. Rossini completed his course of harmony. He was able to write in four parts.

"Hear me, my son," said the old professor to him one day:—"You know sufficient of harmony, we must now turn to counterpoint; it is there where your talent will find scope to display itself; it is not given to *all* to penetrate into the profundities of the science; the greater number only learn harmony; only so far as may lead them to write an opera..."—"How," quickly ejaculated the young harmonist, "Counterpoint—fugue! are they not necessary to write an opera?"—"Certainly not."—"Is writing in four parts sufficient?"—"To be sure. But what signifies that? Counterpoint, my son, counterpoint! . . . it is that that is most beautiful and most worthy! . . . to-morrow we shall commence."

The next day, Rossini disappeared. The professor surprised sought his pupil in his chamber; every thing was in disorder, and a letter left upon the table announced to Martini that his grateful pupil was about to profit by his lessons.

A few months afterwards Rossini's first opera, *Demetrio e Polibio* was produced.

Such, Monsieur, is the anecdote I have heard from an intimate friend of Rossini, and which I have now related for the benefit of all contrapuntists."

A. X.

A Musical Supper Party.

GRISI AND LABLACHE.

(From Willis's *Loiterings of Travel*.)

I was at one of those private concerts given at an enormous expense during the opera season, at which "assisted" Julia Grisi, Rubini, Lablache, Tamburini, and Ivanhoff. Grisi came in the carriage of a foreign lady of rank, who had dined with her, and she walked into the

room like an empress. She was dressed in the plainest white, with her glossy hair put smooth from her brow, and a single white japonica dropped over one of her temples. The lady who brought her chaperoned her during the evening, as if she had been her daughter, and under the excitement of her own table and the kindness of her friend, she sung with a rapture and a *freshet* of glory (if one may borrow a word from the Mississippi) which set all hearts on fire. She surpassed her most applauded hour on the stage—for it was worth her while. The audience was composed almost exclusively of those who are not only cultivated judges, but who sometimes repay delight with a present of diamonds. Lablache shook the house to its foundations in his turn; Rubini ran through his miraculous compass with the ease, truth, and melody for which his singing is unsurpassed; Tamburini poured his rich and even fullness on the ear; and Russian Ivanhoff, the one southern singing-bird who has come out of the north, wire-drew his fine and spiritual notes, till they who had been flushed, and tearful, and silent, when the others had sung, drowned his voice in the poorer applause of exclamation and surprise. The concert was over by twelve, the gold and silver paper bills of the performance were turned into fans, and every one was waiting till supper should be announced—the *prima donna* still sitting by her friend, but surrounded by foreign *attachés*, and in the highest elation at her own success. The doors of an inner suite of rooms were thrown open at last, and Grisi's cordon of admirers prepared to follow her in, and wait on her at supper. At this moment one of the powdered menials of the house stepped up and informed her very respectfully that supper was prepared in a separate room for the singers! Medea, in her most tragic hour, never stood so absolutely the picture of hate, as did Grisi for a single instant, in the centre of that aristocratic crowd. Her chest swelled and rose, her lips closed over her snowy teeth, and compressed till the blood left them, and for myself, I looked unconsciously to see where she would strike. I knew, then, that there was more than fancy—there was nature and capability of the *real*—in the *imaginary* passions she played so powerfully. A laugh of extreme amusement at the scene from the high-born woman who had accompanied her suddenly turned her humour, and she stopped in the midst of a muttering of Italian, in which I could distinguish only the terminations, and, with a sort of theatrical quickness of transition, joined heartily in her mirth. It was immediately proposed by this lady, however, that herself and her particular circle should join the insulted *prima donna* at the lower table, and they succeeded by this manoeuvre in retaining Rubini and the others, who were leaving the house in a most unequivocal Italian fury. I had been fortunate enough to be included in the invitation, and, with one or two foreign diplomatic men, I followed Grisi and her amused friend to a small room on a lower floor, that seemed to be the housekeeper's parlour. Here supper was set for six, (including the man who had played the piano,) and on the side table stood every variety of wine and fruit, and there was nothing in the supper at least to make us regret the table we had left. With a most imperative gesture, and rather an amusing attempt at English, Grisi ordered the servants out of the room, and locked the door, and from that moment the conversation commenced and continued in their own musical, passionate, and energetic Italian. My long residence in that country had made me at home in it; every one present spoke it fluently; and I had an opportunity I might never have again, of seeing with what abandonment these children of the sun throw aside rank and distinction, (yet without forgetting it,) and join with those who are their superiors in every circumstance of life, in the gaieties of a chance hour. Out of their own country these singers would probably acknowledge no higher rank than that of the kind and gifted lady who was their guest; yet, with the briefest apology at finding the room too cold after the heat of the concert, they put on their cloaks and hats as a safeguard to their lungs, (more valuable to them than to others,) and as most of the cloaks were the worse for travel, and the hats, opera-hats with two corners, the grotesque contrast with the diamonds of one lady and the radiant beauty of the other, may easily be imagined. Singing should be hungry work, by the knife and fork they played; and between the excavations of truffle pies, and the bumpers of champagne and burgundy, the words were few. Lablache appeared to be an established droll, and every syllable he found time to utter was received with the most unbounded laughter. Rubini could not recover from the slight he conceived put upon him and his profession by the separate table; and he continually reminded Grisi, who by this time had quite recovered her good humour, that the night before, supping at Devonshire House, the Duke of Wellington had held her gloves on one side, while his grace, their host, attended to her on the other. "E vero!" said Ivanhoff, with a look of modest admiration at the *prima donna*. "E vero, e bravo!" cried Tamburini, with his sepulchral talking tone, much deeper than his singing. "Sì, sì, sì, bravo!" echoed all the company; and the haughty and happy actress nodded

all round with a radiant smile, and repeated, in her silver tones, "Grazie! cari amici! grazie!" As the servants had been turned out, the removal of the first course was managed in *pic-nic* fashion; and when the fruit and fresh bottles of wine were set upon the table by the *attachés* and younger gentlemen, the health of the princess who honoured them by her presence was proposed in that language which, it seems to me, is more capable than all others of expressing affectionate and respectful devotion. All uncovered and stood up, and Grisi, with tears in her eyes, kissed the hand of her benefactress and drank her health in silence. It is a polite and common accomplishment in Italy to improvise in verse, and the lady I speak of is well known among her immediate friends for a singular facility in this beautiful art. She reflected a moment or two with the moisture in her eyes, and then commenced, low and soft, a poem, of which it would be difficult, nay impossible, to convey in English, an idea of its music and beauty. It took us back to Italy, to its heavenly climate, its glorious arts, its beauty, and its ruins, and concluded with a line of which I remember the sentiment to have been "out of Italy every land is exile!" The glasses were raised as she ceased, and one repeated after her, *Fuori d'Italia tutto è esilio!* "Ma!" cried out the fat Lablache, holding up his glass of champagne, and looking through it with one eye, "*siamo ben esiliati qua!*" ["but we are well exiled here!"] and with a word of drollery, the party recovered its gayer tone, and the humour and wit flowed on brilliantly as before. The house had long been still, and the last carriage belonging to the company above stairs had rolled from the door, when Grisi suddenly remembered a bird that she had lately bought, of which she proceeded to give us a description that probably penetrated to every corner of the silent mansion. It was a mocking bird, that had been kept two years in the opera house, and between rehearsal and performance had learned parts of every thing it had overheard. It was the property of the woman who took care of the wardrobes. Grisi had accidentally seen it, and immediately purchased it for two guineas. How much of embellishment there was in her imitations of her treasure I do not know; but certainly the whole power of her wondrous voice, passion, and knowledge of music, seemed drunk up at once in the wild, various, difficult, and rapid mixture of the capricious melody she undertook. First came, without the passage which it usually terminates, the long, throat-down, gurgling, water-toned trill, in which Rubini (but for the bird and its mistress, it seemed to me) would have been imitable; then right upon it, as if it were the beginning of a bar, and in the most unbreathing continuity, followed a brilliant passage from the "*Barber of Seville*," run into the passionate prayer of "*Anna Bolena*" in her madness, and followed by the air of "*Suoni la tromba intrepida*," the tremendous duet in the "*Puritani*," between Tamburini and Lablache. Up to the sky, and down to the earth again—away with a note of the wildest gladness, and back upon a note of the most touching melancholy—if the bird but half equals the imitation of his mistress, he were worth the jewel in a sultan's turban. "Giulia!" "Gioletta!" "Gioletta!" cried out one and another, as she ceased, expressing, in their Italian diminutives, the love and delight she had inspired by her incomparable execution. The stillness of the house in the occasional pauses of conversation reminded the gay party, at last, that it was wearing late. The door was unlocked, and the half-dozen sleepy footmen hanging about the hall were despatched for the cloaks and carriages; the drowsy porter was roused from his deep leathern *dormouse*, and opened the door, and broad upon the street lay the cold gray light of a summer's morning.

Effects of Music on Civilization.

(From the *Worcestershire Guardian*.)

Music has been acknowledged, in all ages, to have tended much to the civilization of mankind, and our great Shakspeare says that—

"He who hath not music in his soul,
And is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils,
Let no such man be trusted."

In fact it is generally observed that persons little affected by the charms of music, are commonly devoid of human feeling, in short they are egotists in the full force of the term. While politics and even religion, have their parties and divisions, music pursues the even tenor of its way, affecting the heart by its almost supernatural power over all but the most inanimate and unfeeling. Those who have no enjoyment in music, are much to be pitied, as they must certainly be defective in one of the senses. I will relate an anecdote to shew the

effect vocal music, especially, has over the human mind, even amongst the rudest barbarians. It is related of a British seaman that he was wrecked, and fell among savages, who bound him to a stake and were preparing to kill him, when, having a good voice he began to sing. The savages attributed his tones to a supernatural agency, they consequently set him at liberty, and ever after regarded him with a mixture of awe and veneration. The eloquence of music has power to move the various passions of our nature, whether *love, revenge, fear, hope, doubt, joy, sorrow, &c.*, and gives expression to every thought we can imagine. It is, in fine, a span of that "*Divinity that moves within us*," and gives us as it were a foretaste of immortality; it is, therefore, pre-eminently, "*the art divine*." Ever varied and even endless are the charms of vocal music, which gives to the sublimest conceptions of the mind an expression that the language of the greatest orator cannot approach. It is not, therefore, surprising that all nations should concur in rendering homage to the wondrous and indefinable spell that vocal music exercises over the susceptibilities of mankind. Historical records of the remotest ages bear the strongest testimony to its effects on celebrated personages. Saul yielded to David's skill in music; Timotheus swayed the ungovernable spirit of Alexander; Orpheus and Anacreon performed prodigies through their musical talent. The effect of the Marseilles hymn upon the French nation, and that of the Rhine song upon all Germany, is too well known to require comment. Who ever heard Braham sing his "Death of Nelson" without feeling his heart glow with patriotism and with unspeakable admiration for England's departed naval hero? Dibdin's songs not only contributed to man the British navy, but tended greatly to humanize the rude seaman, by inculcating such sentiments as the following, in his definition of "true courage,"

"Tis a furious lion in battle—so let it—
But duty appeas'd—'tis in mercy a lamb."

Thousands of families in the present day, can attest the triumph of music over cards, dice, and other amusements; which are not so innocent in their results, nor so gratifying in their enjoyment. May we not then justly conclude that music has afforded incalculable aid in the cultivation of mankind?

Musings of a Musician.

BY HENRY C. LUNN.

"Why these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Notes, notes, forsooth, and noting!"

SHAKESPEARE.

No. XXXV.

"THE PIANO GOING."

To the musical enthusiast—to the person who loves the art for its poetry and eloquence, nothing can be more delightful than the sight of musical instruments strewed about the room. An old violin hanging against the wall will suggest thoughts, scarcely to be conceived by such as have not music in their souls; and an open pianoforte, be it ever so antiquated, will often awaken a train of ideas which had long before lain dormant. A musical instrument, to the mind of the intellectual musician, is like the palette to a painter—it contains every shade, every variety of colour and expression, and from it can be created sublime effects which shall sink deeply into the hearts of thousands.

But although such is the idea which musical instruments usually convey to musical persons, many there are who look upon them merely as articles of furniture necessary to appear in a drawing-room; and, as it is solely to these persons to whom I would now wish to address my observations, I sincerely trust that all those who may happen to possess the friendship of such will endeavor to draw their attention to the subject of my present article.

Every one, who knows anything of a drawing-room, must be aware that it can no more be called furnished without a pianoforte than without a table or a chair. Many people imagine that, in choosing this elegant piece of furniture, it is necessary to judge of it, not as a large rosewood box with four legs, but as a musical instrument; and that, consequently, appearance must be secondary to touch, tone, and durability. This is all nonsense and affectation: choose it principally to match your tables and chairs, measure it to fit your room, and look carefully after the French-polish. When you have got it in your room, lock it up and take the key out; contract with the maker to keep it in tune by the year, and in my humble opinion you have done every thing that a wife and a mother can be expected to do.

But, unfortunately, *my* opinion is not the opinion of the world. The tables, the chairs, the ottomans, the sofa, may remain quietly where they are, and nobody will interfere with them. Provided the chairs be nicely covered, the chandelier placed in a muslin bag, and other little matters of the kind properly attended to, everybody is satisfied and not a voice is to be heard in complaint;—but your French-polished rosewood box, for which you have been compelled to lay out a hundred guineas—*this* is the stumbling block; you cannot treat *this* like the other pieces of furniture. Two or three hours every morning, and two or three hours every evening (Sundays excepted), public opinion positively declares that your pianoforte must be "going." Cover up the legs, dust it every morning, have it tuned every week—all is of no use; society, with one voice, declares that it must be "going," and "go" it must.

Of course it must. Why Mrs. Jones's piano next door is always "going" between twelve and two o'clock in the afternoon. It can be heard distinctly through the wall: Mrs. Robinson's piano, over the way, is always "going" when the morning calls arrive; and as for the Graham's piano, it's really "going" all day. But then the Grahams rather overdo the thing, because, being retired tradesmen, they are innately vulgar.

There can be no reason for multiplying instances. It is positively necessary that, where the etiquette of society is at all regarded, the piano must sometimes be "going," and the only question is who is to make it "go." In the present day this laborious duty is almost entirely performed by young ladies, who, trained to it in early life, and before they know the nature of the occupation, are kept to work four, five and six hours a day, with the most relentless cruelty, and often to the injury of their health and spirits. Many of these poor creatures are frequently to be seen in the morning at the windows of the fashionable houses going through their dreary task with the air of resigned martyrs, and apparently totally unconscious of what they are performing. Verily, the heart sickens at the sight; and, whilst so many enquiries into the employments of females are at present agitating the public mind, it is strange to think that no official report should yet have been made of the number employed in this manner.

The remedy I have to propose for this is simple but effectual. It is true that a family piano must occasionally be kept "going," so must a clock be kept ticking; but who would think of performing this by human labor? The value of machinery is now beginning to be fully acknowledged, and how could it be applied more effectually than in lessening the labor of the softer sex? What could be easier than to make every pianoforte, which is solely kept as an article of furniture, self-acting, and obedient to the will of its possessor?

Barrels made for every kind of music now used in the fashionable drawing-room, might be procured at any music-shop, just as you now order the pieces themselves; quadrille-barrels, and fantasia-barrels, for the performance of the airs in the last new opera, might be let on hire, and old barrels taken in exchange. As no person would hesitate to pronounce this pianoforte playing purely mechanical, compliments would then be rendered superfluous—the truth would always be told; and, as anybody may criticise a barrel, candid opinions on the merits of the performance would be freely expressed on all sides.

Another important advantage to be derived from this method of setting the pianoforte "going" is that it can be stopped at any moment. When a young lady is seated at the instrument, it very often happens that it is the unanimous wish of the auditors that she should leave off playing. This however cannot now be effected without a gentle request that the said young lady will oblige the company by getting up and going away. As this is not very gracious, it is not often done, and thus much misery is produced which, by the employment of the mechanical means I have mentioned, might easily be avoided.

I have no doubt that, when this subject is duly considered, the innumerable benefits which would be derived from the use of self-acting pianofortes in non-musical families will be fully appreciated; and I feel convinced that, even should I be assailed by critics as an ignorant Goth, who seeks to attack the time-honored privileges of the fairer sex, I shall secretly receive the heartfelt thanks of those whom I seek to benefit, and in this happy consciousness, I boldly defy all the "ladies' men" in Christendom.

Original Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—

Leicester, September 1, 1845.

I cannot see in what I have mistaken Mr. Clare. I understood him to contend that the tones in the scale were equal, and I contended that

they were not so. The use of the string is matter of convenience, as it enables one to determine accurately the pitch of the note when taking it repeatedly in different combinations, which cannot be done by the voice, when you have nothing palpable to shew whether that pitch has been altered or not. The scale I produced was not formed from the string by calculation, though the results of that scale when placed upon it prove that it might have been. What means does Mr. C. employ to determine his key notes ascending by tones? The voice alone will scarcely do it, because it will be to a certain degree influenced by the original key. I defy Mr. Clare, or any other man to arrive at the point he states by singing scales rising a tone each time, if he sing in tune; of course it is quite another matter if by long practice in any particular way, he has acquired the enviable faculty of producing a long series of sounds belonging to no musical scale in existence. The question lies in a nut-shell; for, as the ear requires that the fifth of the scale should be perfect, it also requires the 5th of that 5th to be perfect too, and this will make the second of the scale a major tone from the key note. Now a succession of these major tones sang from C to D, to E, to F sharp, to G sharp, to A sharp, to B sharp, would end at a point considerably sharper than the octave of the original C. Thus much for the first tone. As to the second, if it were equal to the first, the third of the key would be unbearably sharp—much sharper than the thirds of the pianoforte, which, it is well known are made as sharp as the ear will permit. Mr. Clare PERHAPS is not aware that a scale similar in form to the one I have given, at least if my ear is correct, can be produced upon large tubes with large mouth pieces, by the mere contraction of the lips. I mean with the lowest note of the tube, for the first note of the scale; any ophicleide may try the experiment, and will find that this is the case, so that Mr. C. has wind against him as well as string, and there is little doubt, that if the sounds of voices could be made as easily appreciable in their minute differences, as such differences can be made evident to the eye on a string, they would be against him too. Not that I mean to argue against the enharmonic scale, as it is called, for it must be apparent from my last letter, that I think playing or singing in tune requires the use of intervals still smaller than the so-called quarter tone. Indeed, I think the great difficulty in enharmonic transitions, and the great objection to their use is, that performers do not know which way to go; for one theorist declares A sharp to be higher than B flat, and another says just the contrary. Both are right and both are wrong. If A sharp be taken as a key note arrived at after certain progressions from C natural by fifths, it is higher than B flat, on the contrary, if taken as the 3rd to F sharp, it is not so high. I may observe also that this difficulty is increased by the temperament of certain keys, which even the best players on stringed instruments are obliged to adopt, as in B flat, which key note is taken sharper than it ought to be, in order to allow of the use of the open strings, which otherwise would have to be entirely rejected. Of course the profound ignorance as to these matters among the mass of players and singers, is the grand objection to the use of such minute intervals; but it may be serviceable to all performers to remember that should a change from a sharp to the flat of a superior note occur, it is generally better to ascend than descend.

I am, Sir, yours, truly,
C. OLDERSHAW.

Provincial Intelligence.

CHELTEMHAM.—Mr. Woodward's concert, it will be seen, takes place on Friday morning, at the Montpellier Rotunda. An occasion on which such vocalists as Caccia, Brambilla, Moriani, will exhibit their powers—to say nothing of Puzzi and Gallinari—requires no extraneous aid to secure attention. Our musical readers will find sufficient inducements to attend to the very attractive programme which has been issued.

MR. HALE'S CONCERTS.—Montpelier, the Assembly Rooms, and Pittville, are each to have their share in the musical doings of the season. We have already referred to Mr. Woodward's concert; the next in succession are those announced by Mr. Hale. Scarcely will the ideal echoes of Caccia and Brambilla have died away, ere new harmonies are awakened by the exquisite voices of Castellan, Fornasari, and the other eminent vocalists announced in Mr. Hale's programme. The first of the concerts will be given on Tuesday evening at the Assembly Rooms; and the second, on the following morning, at the Rotunda.

JULLIEN'S APPROACHING CONCERTS at Pittville are looked forward to with eager anticipation. The whole of his unrivalled band will be

present; and the most distinguished members are to perform solos at each of the concerts. Camillo Sivori too, whose reputation as a violinist is European, has been engaged—an addition the most welcome that could have been selected to heighten the éclat of Jullien's visit. As there is to be a different programme for each concert, we have no doubt the audience will require the utmost amount of accommodation obtainable, even from the magnificent dimensions of the Pittville Pump Room.—*Cheltenham Chronicle.*

Miscellaneous.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.—A great many thousand persons assembled at Vauxhall Gardens last evening, for the purpose of witnessing and participating in what the bills called "a grand German fête." The recent monster musical festival at Bonn, upon the occasion of the installation of Beethoven's statue, seems to have been considered by the lessee of the Royal property an appropriate subject for home illustration, and accordingly the "German fête" of Friday night was especially devoted to the honour of that great musician. The connection between the Bonn festival and the Vauxhall fête, consisted simply in the fact that both were intended as a compliment to the memory of the deceased artist—further similarity there was none. The idea, however, was a good one, and it is due to the proprietary to state that the details were most admirably carried out. The orchestra was largely increased, and the musical selection for the evening comprised several of Beethoven's *chef-d'œuvres*, which it is hardly necessary to add were received with great enthusiasm. The illuminations were upon a very grand scale. The principal "subject" was a star of great magnitude, about 80 feet by 40 feet, having inscribed in the centre, in large characters "Honour to Beethoven." The words were encircled in a laurel wreath, with a double row of green lamps on either side the same, and the effect of the whole was most imposing. The design was, we believe, prepared and carried out by Mr. Green, an *employée* of Mr. F. Gye, who contracts for the illuminations. There was the usual round of amusements in the rotunda between the "parts" of the concert, with the additional attraction of several "first appearances," among whom Wieland, as the *Flip-FlapFootman*, was pre-eminent. The fireworks were a great feature in the evening's entertainment, and Mr. Darby, the pyrotechnist to the gardens, while emulating the recent exhibition at Cologne, which he did very worthily, took occasion to introduce an appropriate "set piece," in honour of Beethoven. The latter, with two others, respectively in honour of the Queen and Prince Albert, was enthusiastically applauded. After the fireworks came supper—a portion of the evening's entertainment apparently not less heartily enjoyed than those which had preceded it. The festivities closed with a ball, but at what hour that closed, deponent sayeth not. There were at least 6,000 persons in the gardens during the evening, and the success of the fête was considered so satisfactory that it will be repeated every night next week (except Saturday).—*Sunday Paper.*

MR. COULE'S ACCORDION ENTERTAINMENT took place last night, at the Queen Square Concert Rooms, Theobald's Road. Mr. Coule was assisted by upwards of twenty of his pupils. The rooms were crowded, and the entertainment gave general satisfaction.

CERITO AND ST. LEON have been performing at Manchester for three nights—Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday evenings, and attracted a crowd of spectators.

LES DANSEUSES VIENNOISES are engaged to appear in Edinburgh and Glasgow.

THE BIRMINGHAM MONSTER ORGAN.—The excellence of this powerful instrument of music is said to be as worthy of notice as its extreme magnitude. It is thus described in a late work:—"Some parts of this immense instrument are, it is believed, unequalled. The large metal pipes, some of which stand in the tower of the case, are grand, almost sublime in their effect. The organ builder to the King of France, who came here last summer from Paris for the express purpose of hearing the organ, pronounced these pipes, without equal on the Continent or elsewhere—"superbe." The reed stops, particularly the posaupe, voxhumana, hautboy, corneopean, and great ophicleide, are, it may fairly be said, unrivalled. The ophicleide is a stop of very recent invention, and of ponderous tone, surpassing the whole power of the organ; it produces a prodigious effect; and we might almost suppose Polyphemus had this stop in his mind when he called for the "hundred reeds fit for his capacious mouth." Neither must we omit to mention those beautiful solo stops recently added, the wald flute, and the oboe flute, which from their charming sweetness and brilliancy, give additional proofs that neither modern art nor recent improvements have been lost sight of in the late alteration. The fact is pretty generally known that organ building has improved, in every respect, very materially in the last twelve years, and those gentlemen who are the trustees of this noble organ, have neither spared time, trouble, nor expense to render it what it now is, a perfect instrument; and if the writer may judge from a printed description of the much-talked-of Haarlem organ, this is infinitely superior to it both in power and completeness; and is "the king of all instruments." The height of the case is 45 feet; it is 40 feet wide, and 17 feet deep. The largest metal pipe, CCCC, standing in front of the case, is 35 feet 3 inches long, and 5 feet 4½ inches in circumference. The largest wood pipe, CCCC, is twelve feet in circumference, and its interior measurement is 224 cubic feet. The timber alone used in this instrument weighs between 20 and 30 tons; and the metal and other materials employed in its formation raise it to a total weight of at least 45 tons. The bellows of this organ are, of course, very large. They contain 300 square feet of surface, and upwards of three tons weight is required to give the necessary pressure. The total number of pipes is 4140.

SPOHR.—A letter from Berlin, of the 1st instant, states that M. Spohr, the composer, who superintends the rehearsals for the musical fetes at the inauguration of Beethoven's monument, has been treated with great consideration by all classes. The King, who was to depart the next day for the Rhine, when he heard of his arrival, immediately sent him an invitation to dine with the royal circle, and during the evening paid him most marked attention. The next day, M. Meyerbeer gave him a grand dinner at the Hotel de Kroll, at which all the musical notabilities of the place were invited to meet him. The evening after, M. Spohr's new opera, called *The Croises*, was performed, the maestro himself conducting, and was received with great applause. At the end of the piece he was so loudly called for that he was obliged to appear on the stage, where he was saluted with a number of crowns of laurel. The letter states that a grand fete is to be offered him at Potsdam.—(*Galignani*.)

TAGLIONI appears once more in Manchester, on Tuesday night, with Silvain and Petit Stephan.

MR. F. B. JEWSON, the composer and pianist, has returned from Paris, we are happy to say, in renovated health and high spirits. He performed before Stephen Heller, who, in a letter to a friend, has expressed himself happy in having made the acquaintance of so talented an artist.

WE ARE delighted to hear that the artists attached to Her Majesty's Theatre have presented the enterprising manager, Mr. Lumley, with an elegant vase, and the subscribers have opened a subscription for presenting him with another splendid piece of plate.

TAGLIONI is accompanied on her farewell tour through this country by a Russian Prince, Troubetzkoi. The prince, it is said, is completely smitten with her attractions, and intends to lead her to the hymeneal altar, on her return to the continent. She is very rich.

JULLIEN'S GRAND PROMENADE CONCERTS at Manchester have been very numerous attended.

THERE WAS TO BE a grand concert at Manchester, on Monday, when Castellan, Miss Dolby, Wilson, Brizzi, Staudigl, and Fornasari were to sing the national ballads of Europe, assisted by Orsini, Giulio Regondi, and the *élite* of the resident instrumentalists—all for only half-a-crown. We shall give an account in our next number.

A DRESS CONCERT was given on Monday evening last, at the Manchester Concert Hall, the vocal corps consisting of Madame Grisi, Signor Mario, and the Signori Lablache. Benedict and other instrumentalists performed.

MR. MACREADY, we perceive, has been engaged to play at the Liverpool Theatre Royal, on Monday. Last week, the opera of *Guy Mannering* was presented, by desire, with two acts of *The Bohemian Girl*.

CERITO AND ST. LEON.—These celebrated dancers appeared at the Brighton Theatre on Thursday evening. There was a very fashionable and well filled house. M. St. Leon performed a grand variation on the violin by Mayseder, which was much applauded, and was rewarded with an encore. The *pas* from *Le Lac des Fees* was danced by Cerito and St. Leon, assisted by Mdles. Moncelet and Demelesse, Cerito and St. Leon received several bouquets at the conclusion. Their dancing having been so frequently described in the various papers, that it only remains to be said that the audience were in ecstasies, and that the applause only stopped short of an encore. The popular dance, *La Litwana*, by Cerito and St. Leon, received an encore, and a *pas de deux* by Mdles. Demelesse and Moncelet was much applauded. The whole was concluded by the Spanish dance, *La Manola*, by Cerito and St. Leon; they were loudly called for, and on making their appearance received the plaudits of the whole house. There was a second performance on Friday evening.

AMONGST the passengers to New York, in the Great Western steam ship, were Mr. Rophino Lacy, and his daughter, "Miss D'Eley," on a professional engagement. This, it will be recollected, is the young lady who, some three or four years since, created such a fervour in the metropolis. She is accompanied by Mr. Frederick Gardner, of Drury Lane Theatre, formerly of Liverpool, who has been expressly engaged by Mr. Lacy, as principal tenor, and who will give his support to her in all her principal characters.

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